

Our Fourfooted Friends

AND HOW WE TREAT THEM

EDITED BY MRS. HUNTINGTON SMITH

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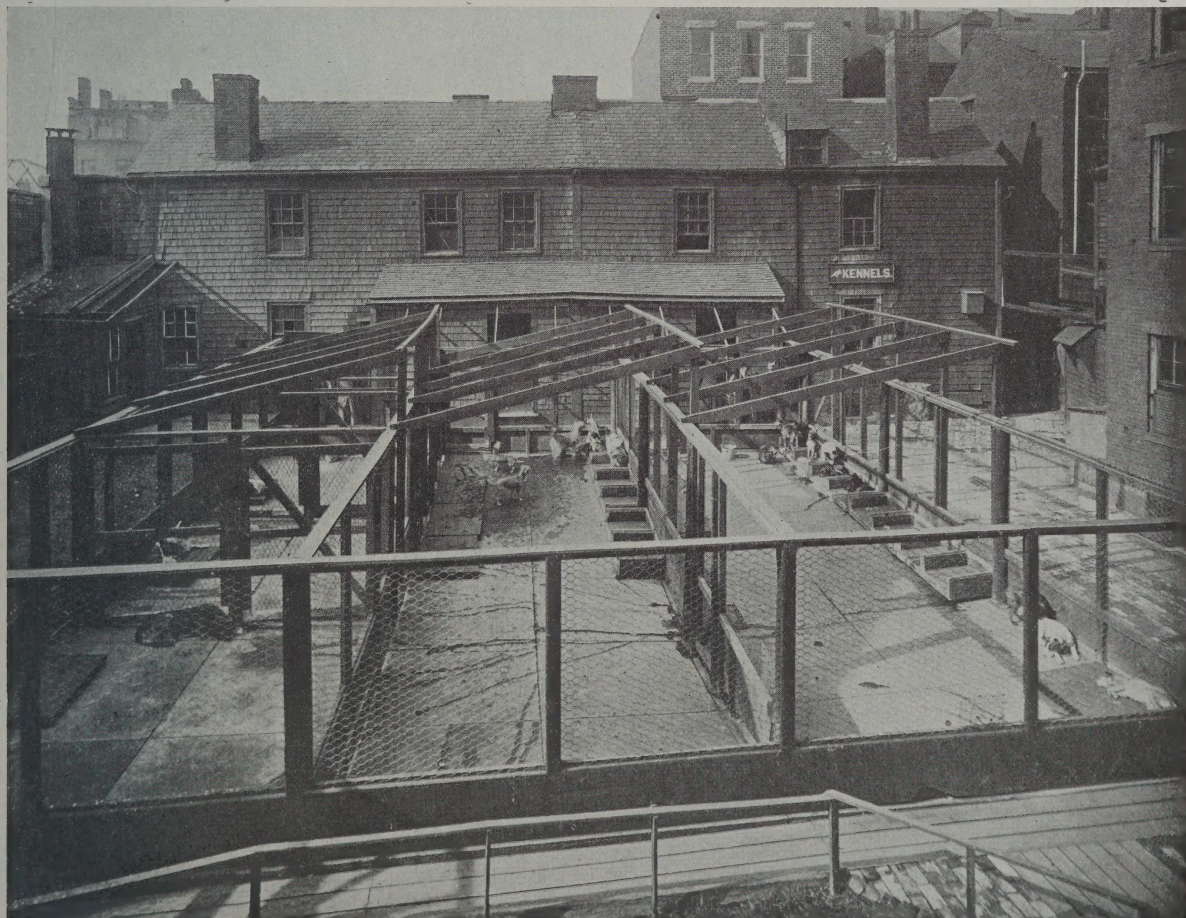
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DOG YARDS AND KENNELS OF THE ANIMAL RESCUE LEAGUE.

LIGHTS AND SHADOWS OF HUMANE WORK

Lest We Forget

In the October issue of *The Animal World*, a monthly magazine published by the Royal Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, London, England, there is a very interesting and instructive article begun, entitled, "Lest We Forget," by Florence H. Suckling, which all who are interested in humane work should read. We quote from it only the opening page, wishing it might be published in leaflet form when completed:

How many a wearied horse, and jaded ox, and "suffering dog" (said Dean Stanley, in the last sermon that he ever preached), "if they had voices to speak would bless the name of Richard Martin!"

And well might they bless him! for not only did he obtain for them legal protection, but he successfully instituted the first prosecution under the new Act, and himself appeared in court, with the animal itself as a witness.

Curiously enough, the case was one of gross cruelty to what old Doctor Primatt calls the "beast of humility," a costermonger's donkey, belonging to a man called Burns. The poor creature was covered with sores of long standing, some of which were in constant touch with the harness; and, thinking its condition would best plead its cause, Martin caused it to be led into court, to the great amusement of the spectators. But he proved to be right, for sympathy soon took the place of mirth, and, to the astonishment of Burns himself, he was convicted. The scene was sketched by a gentleman who happened to be in court, and is still preserved as a memorial of one of the most interesting incidents in the annals of the prevention of cruelty to animals. But, of course, so unprecedented an event could not escape the lampoonists, and the street urchins were soon singing the following lines:—

"If I had a donkey wot wouldn't go,
D'ye think I'd wallop him? No, no, no;
By gentle means I'd try, d'ye see,
Because I hate all cruelty."

If all had been like me, in fact,
There'd ha' been no occasion for Martin's Act—
Dumb animals to prevent getting crackt
On the head.
For if I had a donkey wot wouldn't go,
I never would wallop him—no, no, no;
I'd give him some hay, and cry, 'Gee Ho!'
And 'Come up, Ned.'"

The poem goes on to describe the donkey's presence in Court, and Bill Burns's conviction, when

"Bill said, 'Your worship, it's very hard,
But 'tisn't the fine that I regard;
But times are come to a pretty pass
When a man mustn't beat a stubborn ass.'"

It is sometimes erroneously stated that Richard Martin founded the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals after Bill Burns's conviction; but, although he was one of the earliest members, to a clergyman, the Rev. Arthur Broome, belongs the honor of initiating that splendid work, a man who really deserves to be honored for all time; not only for his unceasing zeal, but for bearing the penalty of the debts which the infant association had incurred, for he was cast into prison until money in discharge of the claim was collected. The first meeting took place at old Slaughter's Coffee House in St. Martin's Lane on June 24th, 1824, and from an old list of the company who were present we find the names of "Richard Martin, William Wilberforce, Samuel Gurney, Meynell, Ellworthy, Lang, and others."

The Rev. A. Broome was appointed to be secretary and treasurer, and the new committee voted "The cordial thanks of this meeting to Richard Martin, Esq., to whose praiseworthy and indefatigable exertions in the cause of humanity the public are indebted for a Bill introduced into Parliament." . . . They also drew up a propaganda, which was to consist of "The circulation of suitable pamphlets gratuitously, or by cheap sale, particularly among persons entrusted with animals, such as coachmen, carters, and drovers; the introduction into schools of books, calculated to impress on youth the duty of humanity to animals; frequent appeals to the public through the Press, awakening more general attention to a subject so interesting, though too much neglected. Communications from those willing to co-operate with the Society

are requested to be addressed to the Secretary (free of postage), to Messrs. Whitmore and Fane, Charing Cross." . . . To these very interesting details of the modest beginnings of what is now such a gigantic work is appended the names of some of the first "members," and in addition to those already mentioned were Sir Francis Burdett, Sir Fowell Buxton, Sir James Mackintosh, William Smith, Sir Isaac Goldsmid, Joseph Butterworth, Elizabeth Fry, Mackinnon, Wilks, Warre, and Louis Gompertz, all more or less well known philanthropists, whose labours for the welfare of human beings have made them famous for all time; proof, if it were needed, that those who have been most active in the cause of humanity to animals have ever been foremost in works of benevolence for human beings.



Someone's Old Family Horse.

About nine o'clock one rainy evening a letter carrier of Dedham came to Pine Ridge leading a horse that he said was sick and he did not know what was the matter with him. We took him in and the next day sent for a doctor, who pronounced the horse to be badly run down and suffering from a small bone that had been broken in the head near the jaw. The horse was old and very thin. He had been a fine, high-spirited animal in his day but he was evidently one of the army of martyrs,—those sensitive, well-bred horses that are taken from good stables, where they have been well bedded and well fed, then

sold or given away because they are growing old, but their owners think are "too good to kill."

This horse had been worked and starved to death's very door when we received him into our Home of Rest. It is not at all unlikely that the broken and decaying bone was caused by a cruel blow on the head by some drunken owner who, after he had completed the ruin of the horse, traded him off to the letter carrier. This last owner discovered after two or three weeks that the poor, wretched creature could not do his work as he fell on the road from weakness, and so he brought him that stormy night to us.

For a short time every care was given him, but he was too far gone to enjoy life—even a life of ease and plenty, so, when it was a certainty that there was no help for him his sufferings were quickly and mercifully ended in the electric stall.

We only wish the man or the woman who sold this horse or gave him away when his strength was beginning to fail, could realize to the very fullest extent all that he suffered the last months, possibly years, of his life.

I often wonder whether these men and women who think it is kinder to sell or give away a faithful horse that they no longer have any use for, than it is to have the horse killed, are incapable of thought. Are they blind to the misery of the horse that has been well cared for and is turned out of his comfortable home just when he is beginning to need more careful consideration than he ever had before, or is it that they will not see facts that are staring them in the face every time they go out on the city streets—every time they see pedler's carts, junk wagons, cheap express and grocery wagons in city or country?

It is quite true that many men and women are wholly indifferent to the suffering of horses, or of any other animals, and it is not strange when these heartless and selfish ones sell or give away an old horse or a horse that is spavined or diseased. To them an animal is but a machine. A horse is simply a means of conveyance; a dog is something to act like a watchman's rattle; a cat is only a rat-trap; a bird, merely an ornament for a hat. We expect nothing from these people, wrapped up in their own selfish

lives, without hearts or souls, but when those who profess to love animals and to sympathize with them in suffering, deliberately put them in the way of suffering to save themselves from the pang of having the animal put to death—that is the astonishing and perplexing problem that I cannot solve.

STORIES FOR OLD AND YOUNG



[Photograph by courtesy of the *New York Herald*.]

Captain Inch and His Dog.

As everybody knows Captain Inch of the burned steamer *Volturmo* proved himself to be a true hero. He thus describes the way in which he left the doomed ship: "I went to the rail with my dog, wrapping it in a blanket. I leaned over. 'Here,' I said, 'catch my baby.' I dropped the dog into the arms of a *Kroonland* officer in the lifeboat. He opened the blanket tenderly. 'Why, it's a dog,' he said. 'I thought it was your kid.'" The photograph from which our illustration is made was taken on the deck of the *Kroonland* which brought Captain Inch and eighty-seven other survivors of the *Volturmo* to New York.

Every Inch a Queen.

THE STORY OF A REGIMENTAL CAT.

The regiment had been ordered abroad. Of course the chaplain went with it, and as the chaplain's cat followed her master everywhere, she went, too. Their home was a small island where the cat was happy enough till a new general arrived bringing with him two dogs who took to hunting Queen Bess. Nobody liked to interfere as the dogs belonged to the general who being very busy knew nothing of the affair. So puss took to the roof of the verandah of her master's house, and spent many hours there in the sun.

One day puss presented her master with a family of kittens. Now it happened a few days later that the general, too, waked to find an addition to his household. A healthy puppy had been born in his house, but Fanny, the little mother, lay dying and there was nobody to take care of the helpless orphan.

Being a kind man Fanny's master was touched at the small terrier's sad plight, and that of the puppy who was in danger of perishing for lack of her care. The general's house was close to that of the chaplain, and the two were excellent friends. So when they met for their morning chat, the general mentioned the matter to his companion. As they walked together to the basement where little Fanny lay, the chaplain never said one word of reproach, never even hinted that Fanny had made the lives of innumerable cats wretched, nor muttered under his breath, "It serves the dog right." No, not even when he remembered that his own Good Queen Bess had suffered much annoyance from the general's dogs. He only recollected that the creature was dying, and forgot to blame anybody. He was sorry for the general, and gladly followed him to Fanny's bedside.

They found her stretched out on a blanket. Her puppy lay in a box, close by, crying pitifully and fumbling about among the soft bedding to find its mother. Rex was standing at Fanny's side, whining too. Now and then he would lie down beside her and take her between his front paws and lick her all over. When the general saw him do this, and realized that Fanny, whom he loved so well, brave little Fan-

ny, who had been his companion at home, following him over hill and down dale for so many years, was dying, he turned away his head—greyheaded soldier as he was—but the chaplain could not see the general's tears because his own eyes were full.

Presently the general said, "It's all over."

Rex knew it too, and needed comfort—the two men lingered there, the general stooping down to lay his hand tenderly on Fanny's head for the last time and to caress Rex. As he stood up again, he and the chaplain were both surprised to see Rex suddenly rise up and growl, his hair bristling, his eyes gleaming—preparing to rush at something he saw behind his master.

"Down, Sir, down!" cried the general, in the tone that Rex knew and always obeyed, and in an instant he was crouching quietly at his feet, but still with head raised and eyes fixed as before.

The chaplain was the next to speak. He said "General, look at that!"

The general turned and looked in the direction towards which the dog's nose still pointed, and this is what he saw. With quiet, dignified tread, her head erect, her eyes shining, Good Queen Bess was coming. She stopped for a moment, her fur fluffed out and her bushy tail twice its usual size, she looked steadily first at Fanny, lying so wondrously still, then at Rex, who quivered all over with excitement. They were her enemies—the enemies of her race—who had given her many a bitter moment; she looked at them fixedly and long.

The general and the chaplain did not understand the look, but Rex must have seen something in it which they did not, for he lifted his tail once and let it fall; it was not a cheerful wag but it was a signal of peace, the big dog using his tail like a flag of truce.

Without stopping again Good Queen Bess hurried forward to the box where Fanny's puppy was lying, attracted by the sorrowful wail of the starving little one. Stepping carefully into the box she began to purr, cuddled and comforted it, and in another moment was nursing it as she would have nursed a kitten of her own.

When she had fed her enemy's child well, she lifted it in her mouth, sprang with it out of the

box, and trotting off with it, followed by the chaplain and the general, she laid it down beside her own babies. In a few moments the two friends saw the forlorn little puppy fall fast asleep, under the guardianship of its generous foster-mother.

The fame of Good Queen Bess, and her noble act, spread everywhere. The officers' wives—even the wife of the general himself—came to visit her, and when she wanted to show them off, she would take all the kittens and the puppy up in her skirts and carry them round to her own drawing room. There Good Queen Bess would sit, surrounded by her family, looking more royal than ever. As for the wee doggie, he grew and thrived, and hardly seemed to know whether he was a puppy or a kitten, for his queenly nurse made no difference between her nursery folk.

When he grew older, and began to follow the general, Gip, as the puppy was called, showed his gratitude to the good pussy who had reared him by dearly loving all cats. He would play gently with them, but would not hurt a hair of any pussy's head. The general admired this, and vowed that for the future he would have all his dogs trained to treat cats with love and respect.

Good Queen Bess never seemed to think that she had done anything out of the way in bringing up the offspring of her arch-foe with the same fondness as her own children. But the chaplain at that time preached many sermons about motherhood, and everybody knew, of course, that he was talking about his cat, for he used to say that men, might learn much from the creatures which they called dumb animals, and also, that any woman who has true motherhood in her will be able not only to love her own children, but all the poor and neglected—even if they should be the children of those who have done her an injury.

The general never forgot what Good Queen Bess had done for Fanny's puppy. Being a great man himself with many soldiers under him who were obliged to obey his slightest command he had learned that true greatness lay not in being a coarse tyrant, but in showing gentleness and forbearance. One day he proved this in a charming fashion.

It had been raining all night, and every bush and tree was dripping wet. The general and the chaplain were standing together in front of the former's house. They were watching Good Queen Bess, who wished to come to them from her own home. But the plot of grass which lay between them was drenched; it was almost a pool. She would put out one little paw, then lift it and shake it very daintily and delicately, like a fine lady who objected to wetting her feet. Again, and again she made up her mind to venture across but shrank back, her dislike of the water was too strong. Finally she gazed at her friends on the other side and mewed in tones of despair. The general looked on in silence for a minute or two. Then he said, "Her Majesty Good Queen Bess finds it awkward to cross the muddy pool. I think I'll play Sir Walter Raleigh to her. Then laughing like a boy, and with a nod to his wife who sat smiling at the window, the general unhooked the long army cape from his neck and laid it with much ceremony on the wet grass bending very low and sweeping the ground with his cap. Without a moment's hesitation Queen Bess walked over it, treading very carefully, and moving with a grace that would have done credit to any dame of high degree. When she reached the other side of the miniature pond, she condescended to purr loudly by way of acknowledging the general's politeness. Then she leaped lightly to the window and settled herself with a lofty air, as if it were a throne.

"I told you she was every inch a Queen," the general said, laughing again, "and I am glad to do her honor."—*From Our Animal Brothers.*

Saved by a Cat.

A TRUE STORY.

Minna Lonsdale was walking in the garden one evening carrying her kitten, which seemed to resent its position, from the efforts it occasionally made to get free. But Minna was dull and wanted company, so even a cat was better than nothing, she thought. Presently she came to the gardener, who was busy with a flower border, and he touched his hat with a smile when he saw her.

"That's a nice little cat of yours, miss," he remarked.

"Yes," said Minna, rather discontentedly, "but cats are tiresome things. They never seem fond of one. There!" as the kitten made a plunge and darted triumphantly away, tail erect. "She won't stay with me except just when it suits her. I don't think I like cats much."

"You wouldn't say that, miss, if you'd had more to do with them. I've got one that's been my chief friend for many a year. Where I go, she goes; she saved my life once."

"I should like to hear about that," said Minna, interested; "stories are always nice."

"I don't know that story-books tell much about the life I lived, miss. If you like to hear about Torty, I'll tell you and welcome."

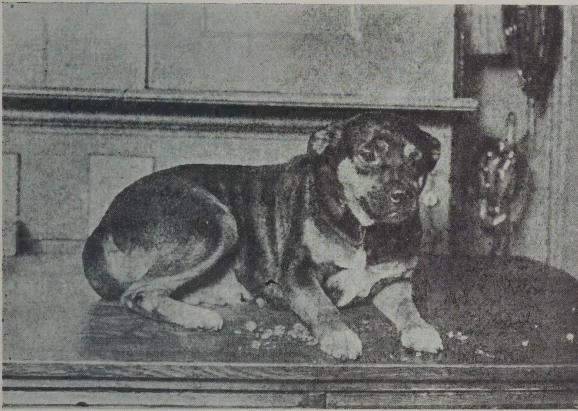
"I came to America as a young chap, along with my father and mother. They had had a small business and failed, and when both were dead I sold all there was left and went wandering about, doing odd jobs. But one thing I didn't leave behind, and that was my mother's tortoiseshell cat; she'd been fond of it, and so was I. Torty shared all my luck, and pretty bad it was sometimes, then good again. One time when I'd been doing pretty well, some fellows persuaded me to go along with them into the backwoods. I thought it would be a lark, and being a handy chap at carpentering myself, we got on well. We knocked up a wooden hut and lived fairly comfortable. Torty made herself quite at home, and always slept on my shoulder at night. This made the other men laugh, but they were good enough to the cat, and she was all I had left to care much about.

"Well, one evening I came home dead tired; we'd been out shooting, and I just hung up my gun, pulled off my coat and boots, and rolled myself in my blanket. I lay down and fell asleep almost before my head touched the pillow. But I was soon disturbed by Torty, who was hissing and spitting like mad. I jumped up and pretty near screamed out, for there I saw a great rattlesnake rearing itself up right on top of me, just ready to attack. If it had reached me I should not be here to tell the tale. There was the plucky cat sitting on my shoulder, clawing and hissing with all her might, as if she would save me, poor beast! I was out of bed in a jiffy, and

made short work of the brute, as well as of another reptile which was reposing peacefully under the bed. There wasn't much more sleep for me that night. The other fellows laughed when I told them, but they were a bit scared, too, and they had more respect for little Torty ever after."

"I should think so," remarked Minna. "Is she really alive, Robert? I should like to see her."

"You're very welcome, miss; but she don't take much to strangers. If you were to make a pet of your little cat, I reckon she'd do just as much for you some fine day."—*E. S.*



This dog was rescued from a cake of ice in Boston Harbor in the winter of 1911 by the harbor police boat. She was brought to the League in a pitiable condition. While waiting to see if any one appeared to claim her she showed such gratitude and devotion to the kennel master and such perfect contentment in her home in the kennels that the time has never yet come to let her go. She is playful and a great pet with the men in the kennels. In winter when one of the men goes out on the common to feed the pigeons daily "Susie" often goes with him and has a good run.

A True Story of a Dog.

Lady Herbert relates an interesting story told her by Sir Robert Peel, at one time Prime Minister of England, and which she published in the "Spectator." Sir Robert, when a young man, was studying with his tutor in the neighborhood of Ipswich, near which town lived a well-to-do

farmer, a great breeder of cattle. He had a little dog to which he was much attached, his constant companion.

On one occasion he went to Ipswich to sell some cattle, and, as usual, his dog was with him. The farmer received a large sum for his cattle and, after market, he went into a public-house to drink a glass of beer and, in his pleasure, boasted to the publican of his success, saying, "I shall sleep at my daughter's house to-night, and go home tomorrow morning, and won't the missus be pleased when she sees the money!"

Having paid his score, the farmer took up his hat and whistled to his dog to follow, but she would not come. He called, and coaxed, and scolded in vain. She would not obey, hiding under the seats, and then ran into the back yard, eluding all pursuit. "Well! that's the most extraordinary thing I ever knew," said the farmer. "She has been my shadow ever since she was a pup; she even goes to church with me. What has happened to her I can't think." He recommended her to the care of the host, saying that he would call for her in the morning on his way home, and went away in a dissatisfied state. The next morning he started on horseback early, called for his dog which had disappeared. The road home led through a narrow lane with high banks on either side.

As he came out from the high road into the lane his dog suddenly started up before his horse and by barking, running violently back and forward, did everything a dog could do to prevent her master going on. When she found it useless, she suddenly dashed up the steep bank a little farther up the lane, and at once a man came rolling over and over down into the road with the dog fastened on his throat, when another man was seen scrambling up the bank, making his escape. The farmer dismounted, running to the man, who said in a stifled voice, "Call off your dog that is throttling me; I will confess all." The farmer called off his dog, and the terrified man said that he and his pal had been at the end of the room in the public-house, in a dark corner; and had heard the boast about the money. They then made a plot to rob him on his way home, and would have murdered him if he had resisted. But they could not get rid of

the dog. When they left the public-house she followed them to their lodging, and never lost sight of them, watching all night, and when they started early she followed them, at a distance. When they concealed themselves in the brush-wood on the bank, they thought she had gone home to the farm, but she had evidently only concealed herself, keeping them in sight till she heard the hoofs of her master's horse, when she dashed forward to stop him.

Some men came up while the robber was speaking and secured him. He was brought to trial at the Assizes, where Sir Robert Peel was present in Court, and heard all the evidence. The dog was produced in Court by the Magistrate's wish. Sir Robert was never weary of repeating this convincing fact of the intelligence and fidelity and courage of this little dog. A medal was given to the splendid little animal, which she wore for the rest of her life, and she enjoyed the increased affection of her master and his wife. There can be no doubt of the truth of the strange story, for Sir Robert Peel vouched for it. The proof is strong that certain animals of more than ordinary intelligence understand the human language, for this dog evidently understood what these evil men were saying, and formed her plan to protect her beloved master. Sir Robert was a great lover and admirer of dogs, and Lady Herbert fully shared these feelings.—*Humane Journal, New South Wales.*

CARE OF OUR USEFUL FRIENDS

Veterinary Dentistry.

The rapid development of this branch of veterinary science proves its importance, and demonstrates the necessity of the practice of it by every qualified veterinary surgeon. The causes of numerous diseases and disagreeable habits, heretofore ascribed as constitutional, have been traced directly to the teeth; blindness, drolling, stopping short, starting suddenly, frothing, loss of flesh, weak eyes, driving on one rein and pulling are very often due to diseased and irregular teeth.

Rough edges and sharp corners of the teeth

lacerate the mouth and produce nervousness and irritability; uneven and elongated molars and incisors prevent the proper mastication of the food, producing indigestion and general debility.

Decayed molars cause necrosis of the bone, abscesses, nasal gleet, fistula of the jaw, etc. These causes should be removed. Decayed teeth should be removed by extracting or trephining; sharp corners and rough edges should be smoothed down, and elongated and uneven molars and incisors cut off. The common float, or file, heretofore deemed sufficient to accomplish this, will not suffice, but special instruments devised for the purpose are necessary.

In many instances grain bills have been cut down, and animals restored to years of usefulness, when their teeth were put in proper condition.

The old barbarous way, that has long been in vogue, by laymen of floating horses' teeth, is not only cruel, but in many instances injurious to the animal. It is now conceded by professional men who are up-to-date, that no man can put a horse's mouth in proper shape by the old methods.

Prof. J. Gordon McPherson, the founder of animal dentistry on the American continent, who has made a study of this profession for 30 years brought out his new system about three years ago, and all his recent students are taught the new system.

It is well for all horse owners to investigate this matter, as the dumb animal that does your work surely deserves to be treated right.

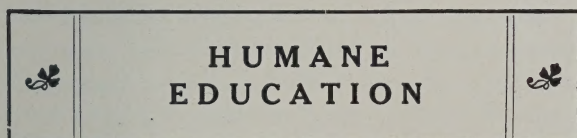
It is pleasant to see how many good and sensible ideas have been acted upon in the management of the Shelter for the dogs and the home for the cats, connected with the Humane Society of New Jersey, situated at Newark. We have been particularly pleased to find that Mr. Huntington Smith's new invention for killing dogs and other smaller animals by electricity has been adopted and introduced into the Shelter. It appears to give great satisfaction, and we hope to hear of its being adopted elsewhere.

A very important feature of the Society's work is carried on in connection with the Board

of Health, and consists in receiving and treating all dogs that may be under suspicion of having rabies, or that show signs of developing that malady. To provide for this emergency, according to their own account, a number of run-ways have been set apart and securely enclosed by a strong wire fence; in each of these is a comfortable box or small kennel where the animal may rest undisturbed. When a case is reported, the warden goes to the address named, secures the dog, brings it to the Shelter and places it in one of the enclosures, where it is held under observation, judiciously fed and cared for, and kept in as quiet a condition as possible.

A Board of Health inspector makes daily visits, and when the incubation period is over, and it is absolutely certain that nothing serious need be feared, the dog is returned to his home if his owner so desires, or a good home is found for him where he is still kept under observation.

A particularly important thing in this connection is the report made by the managers that "strange as it may seem to some, nearly six hundred dogs have been so treated, and not one has failed to return to a normal condition." This would seem to sustain strongly our declaration of the scarcity of rabies.—*From The Journal of Zoophily, Philadelphia.*



"The Inner Life of Animals" is the title of an interesting book published by G. Bell & Sons, York House, Portugal street, London.

The book is edited by Ernest Bell and contains a series of stories illustrating various mental traits found in the lower animals. In the preface to the book Mr. Bell says, "A marked change has come over our opinion of and attitude towards the sub-human races during the last fifty years. . . . The comparative psychology of man and animals is a recognized branch of study. We realize now that kinship, ethical and physical, exists between the races. It is evident that the same springs of action are at work in the sub-human as in the human

races. . . . Whether the higher species of animals may have a life after death is no longer regarded as an absurd question and evidence points to the conclusion that in this matter, as in others, there is no marked or definite line to be drawn between the lower human and the higher animal races."

The preface is followed by an introductory chapter by R. O. P. Paddison on the mind of animals. This is so good and so reasonable that it is of itself a most desirable addition to the library of any one who is interested in our four-footed friends and companions. Next follow the stories illustrating different mental characteristics of animals and among these stories is one that was taken from OUR FOURFOOTED FRIENDS concerning a dog that was once a League dog. The book is specially valuable for school use containing as it does so many short and entertaining stories of animals, and although the price is not given in the volume we feel sure it is not expensive.

An Intelligent Cat.

A TRUE STORY.

Tom was a very large tiger cat, with double paws. He had been the only cat on the farm for sixteen years, and was too old to hunt. When other cats came he persisted in boxing their ears and driving them alone.

One day a strange cat came to the house in a snowstorm. It was fed and permitted to stay. Tom at first could not bear him, but after a while he seemed to tolerate him. This could not be understood till one day it was explained. Tom was lying on the doorstep, and the young cat came and dropped a large rat at his feet. At other times Tom brought birds and frogs. It always seemed as if they had an understanding between them that the newcomer could stay if he would divide all he caught with Tom. They lived in that way for four years. Tom was twenty years old at the time of his death.

—E. B. M.

I will not kill nor hurt any living creature needlessly, nor destroy any beautiful thing, but will strive to save and comfort all gentle life, and guard and perfect all natural beauty upon the earth.—*John Ruskin.*

To Scraggles.

Saint Francis, the founder of the Franciscan order, without whom there would probably have been no missions in California, regarded the birds as his "little brothers and sisters." Just as I began the actual writing of this book I picked up in the streets a tiny song sparrow, wounded, unable to fly, and that undoubtedly had been thrust out of its nest. In a short time we became close friends and inseparable companions. Hour after hour she sat on my foot, or, better still, perched, with head under her wing, on my left hand, while I wrote with the other. Nothing I did, such as the movement of books, turning of leaves, etc., made her afraid. When I left the room she hopped and fluttered along after me. She died just as the book was receiving its finishing pages. On account of her ragged and unkempt appearance I called her Scraggles; and to her, a tiny morsel of animation, but who had a keen appreciation and reciprocation of a large affection, I dedicate this book.

(Dedication by George Wharton James of "The Old Missions of California," Little, Brown and Company, 1910).

Edward Ginn, the well-known publisher who is devoted to the cause of international peace, declares that little can be accomplished without the help of the mothers. He says:

"The child should be taught, not to mount a gun and play at shooting tin soldiers, it should be taught to take care of them and guard them against getting broken. The mother should not laugh when the child stands up his red tin men and his blue tin men and says, 'Fire!' and shouts in glee at seeing them fall to the ground.

"The mother who sees her boy do that and does not try to stop him is doing much to prevent the establishment of international peace. She should, when her son takes his gun and starts for the woods to amuse himself by imagining he is killing everything in sight, tell him that by doing this he is not enjoying himself, but throwing his time away. The mother who does that is doing the greatest work in the world toward helping civilization."

Mr. Ginn also denounces the giving of tin soldiers to baby boys as cradle toys.

"Blessed are the Merciful."

(Extract from a sermon preached by Edward Whittaker Work, D.D.)

It has taken the civilized world a long time to realize that the dumb creatures in our midst have rights of their own; that if men are entitled to their wages, so also are horses entitled to theirs, and that means proper food and care, and shelter and kindness. Long since the "Bell of Justice" and the "Bell of Mercy" have been rung for men—and after generations of agitation we are learning quite rapidly now, I hope, what we owe as between man and man, what the employer owes to the employee, for example, in the way of just wages, and considerate treatment. But there was no one to ring the "Bell of Justice"—still less the "Bell of Mercy"—for the horse. Generations went by, and there was no public recognition in the laws of any land of the rights of dumb creatures. Men grew civilized, and learned to practice the arts and sciences. Men read the Lord's Beatitude and learned to practice Mercy among their own kind. They erected hospitals, and endowed institutions for the poor, orphanages for little children and rescues for the outcasts among men. But no one thought of any laws or institutions for the dumb creatures that bear so many of our human burdens.

At length a man arose in the English Parliament one day in the year 1811 and rang the "Bell of Justice and Mercy" for the lower animals. His name was Lord Erskine. And how do you suppose Lord Erskine's proposal was received in the English House of Lords? History tells us that the chamber broke out in derision! And when he earnestly maintained the right of the lower animals to humane treatment, the Lords of England greeted him with jeers and whistling and cock-crowing. Did I not say to you a little while ago that Christ's Beatitude is a difficult one, withal it seems so simple? The last fault that lingers on the human breast, after the light even of Christian civilization has poured in, is cruelty. Cruelty intrenches itself deep in the selfishness and prejudice and neglect of men, and only a burning, shining light like that of Christ's Beatitude of Mercy can find out its lair.

One hears the clatter of the horses' feet by day and by night. How weary they must be! How long the hours, how long the journeys, how slippery the streets in winter, how hard the pressure of the collar especially if there be a sore spot! How uncomfortable that piece of iron across the tongue! How cold and biting the winds! How heavy the loads must be, and the pull up-grade, and the hold back on the down grade! "Blessed are the merciful." I hear Christ saying this to the masters, not of men only, but the masters of the dumb creatures as well.

If we could but feel that every hard-working horse received his wages, of proper food and care! That is a strange thing to say, isn't it?—"the wages of a horse." But why not? He is a toiler and a willing one; he earns his wage. If one could but feel that every willing worker among these dumb and patient toilers—had a kind master, whose voice was better than a whip, who had a care for the harness, and for the blankets, and for the bruised places, and for the stall and the bedding!

Thomas Hood, the poet, sang "The Song of the Shirt." Some day a poet will arise and count it worth while to sing "The Song of the Horse." Despite all our laws, despite the activities of the societies, great cruelties are practiced. Cruelty lingers in the human heart, and the lesson of Mercy is slow to learn. One will see sights on the street every day, if the eyes are open, that make the heart sick—horses unblanketed in cruelly cold weather, standing in the wind, loads too heavy for horseflesh to endure, and the poor beasts struggling beneath the beatings of inhuman drivers. And the slippery streets—few of us have not seen the improperly shod horses quivering in every nerve from fear, as they sought uncertain foothold. In matters such as these, citizens have police rights, which ought to be exercised far more than they are. "Blessed are the Merciful,"—who seeing a cruelly burdened horse, or a hungry or diseased or beaten or suffering horse—pity it—and ring the bell of Justice and Mercy.

There are now more than 40 institutions and shelters for cats in London and the provinces, supported entirely by voluntary contributions.

Sanctuary.

In September a remarkably picturesque play was given, out in the woods of Meriden, N. H., about which Winthrop Packard wrote so charming an article in the *Boston Evening Transcript* that we quote a few paragraphs for the benefit of bird lovers who may not have heard about the play.

Percy Mackaye's masque, "Sanctuary," inimitable in conception, its lines full of play of poetic fancy, beautiful in staging, and thoroughly delectable as a play, should do many things for birds and men. It puts the poetic side of bird life—the bird protection movement—strongly before the public in a way that should be of great value to the birds. It is proposed to give it at Washington as a tribute of approval of the action of Congress in passing the clause prohibiting the importation of feathers as a part of the tariff bill. It is hoped that bird lovers the world over will give it. But it does more than that, much as that is—it opens to the theatre itself a whole new opportunity.

The conception of "Sanctuary" is poetic in the extreme and the play seems peculiarly to belong in its woodland setting, as much a part of it as the bird music that is as real as the woods, and the lines have a rare grace and beauty well worthy the poetic setting. Through it all runs a wholesome fantasy pressed home by all the art of clever actors and stage managers. Playwright and players, costumers and scenic artists have done the work well, one must say, and yet through it all runs another note, one of loving appreciation of wildwood life that is as clear and true as the song of the bird in the tree.

While walking through a lonely wood
I heard a lovely voice,
A voice so fresh and true and good
It made my heart rejoice;
It sounded like a Sunday bell
Rung softly in a town,
Or like a stream that in a dell
Forever trickles down.
It seemed to be a voice of love
That always had loved me,
So softly it rang out above,
So wild and wanderingly.

O voice, were you a golden dove
Or just a plain gray bird?
O voice, you are my wandering love,
Lost, yet forever heard.

The stage has often served great causes, but these have hitherto been those of the indoor world. In this masque for the first time comes an appeal for the world of out-of-doors. The play suggests opportunities for using the stage as an aid to the many organizations which seek to foster a love of nature and out-of-door life, societies of natural history and the like, awakening an appreciation of nature through the poetry and fancy of the theatre. In this the distinguished young author finds the most hopeful phase of the successful new venture. It opens a new field, both to actor and to naturalist, and in the blending of the two in the production of "Sanctuary" at Meriden one may pay tribute to both Mr. Mackaye and Mr. Baynes, the one for his clever masque, the other for the unique bird sanctuary in which the scene was set. Each has given us new and delightful conceptions whose virility carries far.

The Meriden bird sanctuary, built in the forest and unheralded, is known the country over as a model of its kind. Its wood was a fit setting for the unique and beautiful masque whose fame is already great. It is an ancient farm already well fitted for the purpose with pasture and woodland. Here the Meriden types of bird boxes, bird baths and bird food tables are being manufactured and sent out all over the country, solid examples of how the work of bird protection and encouragement should be done, for Meriden knows that faith without works is dead. It has learned to build upon its own ground with what material it has. For its own bird baths it takes boulders that the glaciers dropped in the hills, hauls them out with oxen, hollows them and sets them up. They stand as sturdy and as appropriate in their beauty as the hills themselves. Their bird boxes they build from the log as the woodpecker does, and the birds accept them as they do the woodpecker's work. The boxes are a part of the trees everywhere in Meriden, hundreds of them, and they adorn them, as the birds adorn the boxes.

OUR FOURFOOTED FRIENDS would be a good Christmas gift to old or young people. Will you not subscribe now?



Story of Kitty Grey.

My name is Kitty Grey because I am grey with white collar and shirt-front. I have the prettiest home in Malden,—at least I don't see how any could be nicer. It was not always so with me. Once I worked for a grocer. He left me in an empty store in Boston. The Animal Rescue League took me, and as I was handsome even then the visitors all admired me. One day the dearest lady came in and I liked her right off. I was afraid she wouldn't like me, but she did and took me home. I have been as happy as a clam ever since.

I heard a lady say one day, "What beautiful fur Kitty Grey has for a common cat!"

"We consider Kitty Grey an *uncommon* cat," said my mistress.

I weigh about seventeen pounds, and it there's anything I dislike, it is to climb trees. Four things I hate: First, a dog who makes me climb a tree. Second, not to be allowed to sleep on my mistress's hats (but I sleep in the hat boxes). I have a nice basket all lined to sleep in, but I like the hats best. Third, I don't like to have my picture taken. You will notice I ran my tongue out at the man who took this. Fourth, I hate to have people say, "How bright she looks! Do you suppose she thinks?" Isn't that an insult!

I like to eat musk-melon for breakfast. I like to have the maid brush me with a stiff brush.

I like to climb on my master when he reads, and I put one paw on his shoulder and go sound asleep.

Now I think this is as much as a cat ought to be expected to write, so goodbye. From

KITTY GREY HODGKINS.

St. Cuthbert's Peace.

The beautiful story of St. Cuthbert still lives among islanders. In the north of England, in the seventh century, Cuthbert lived, a little orphan boy, who was so poor he was glad to watch sheep on the moors. He was a gentle loving child, tender to all creatures, and he often wished he had wings like the snow-white gulls that he might reach Heaven, and at last he determined to leave all things and devote himself to teaching the love of God, and he entered Melrose Abbey that he might receive instruction from the learned monks. The story goes that, one night, when in the bitter cold, he had left the Abbey to spend the hours in silent prayer to God under the stars, two brown otters came up from the waters, licked his poor frozen feet and then lay upon them keeping them warm as he prayed.

After a time Cuthbert determined to live in holy solitude with the innocent creatures of God, that were so tame with him and which he loved dearly, and he remained on a small wild island in the Scotch seas, named Farne, in a cave, which he divided into two compartments; in one was his small bed, and he used the other as his chapel. Here the animals gathered round and loved him, the birds flocked to him at his call and his gentle spirit was full of peace.

But the fame of his holy life spread abroad, and many people crowded to the island to hear him preach, and his words found response in many sad hearts, that at last found rest and peace in the knowledge of Divine love. As the years passed on, Cuthbert became an aged man, and when he felt the hand of death upon him, he prayed earnestly to the Almighty to protect the animals, and the birds that were so dear to him, and he prayed that any one who harmed them and thus disturbed the peace of Farne, might be severely punished, and he died.

"St. Cuthbert's Peace" is said still to rest

on the Farne Islands where flocks of seabirds congregate, descendants of those so dear to the gentle saint. The rough islanders respect the birds, but the women, who demand the beautiful wings of these innocent birds respect neither saint nor innocent creatures, and though no sign of the punishment prayed for by St. Cuthbert has yet been inflicted on them, who shall say that they will escape the anger of the Creator at their cruelty and greed of gold—cruelty of the heartless women who demand the death of the birds, and the greed of gold of the men who slaughter them.

LEAGUE NEWS AND NOTES

Next month comes the annual Fair, December 11 and 12. It is to be held at the Copley-Plaza Hotel in Copley Square. We hope our out-of-town friends will make an effort to attend it and get their lunch and buy their Christmas gifts. The location is convenient for electric cars and for trains.

Circulars are now ready announcing the Fair, giving a list of the tables. We should be glad to send to any address as many of these circulars as members or friends will distribute, as we hope they will bring us in donations of articles or money to help us in the expenses of the Fair.

One of the attractions of the Fair that was by an error left out of the circular is "The Farm-yard," presided over by Miss Mildred Bradley, 468 Audubon Road.

We are specially in need of dolls for the Fair, also we should be glad to receive books, toys and games.

Another booth left out of the circular is "The Egyptian Booth," which Miss Olive Peabody has engaged to add to the Fair if she returns in time from her foreign trip.

The faithful dog, in life the firmest friend,
The first to welcome, foremost to defend;
Whose honest heart is aye his master's own,
Who lives, breathes, fights, and dies for him alone.
—Byron.

The Animal Rescue League during the month of October received and cared for 2349 animals, of which number 340 were dogs and 1998 were cats. Seventy-eight horses unfit for work were taken by the League veterinarian and 16 horses were cared for at Pine Ridge Home of Rest, Dedham. An agent has been kept steadily at work at the beaches and so far 120 cats and kittens have been rescued.

During the month of October, seventy-eight horses were secured and put beyond any chance of further misery. I will copy a few of the records handed in by one agent:—

“Bay gelding, fifteen years old, poor condition, spine diseased, stiff in hind legs.”

“Roan mare, about thirty years old, very thin, teeth worn down to gums.

“Gray mare, about twenty years old, very thin, badly sprung in both knees, hollowed in chest.

“Bay gelding, about twenty-five years old, very stiff and lame, with diseased hoofs.

“One horse from Chelsea, old, lame from a nail in foot.

“One horse from Melrose, hopelessly lame shoulder, old

“One bay horse from Chelsea, about thirty years old, very thin; man trying to sell him for work.

“Gray horse with bad fistula, very old.

“Black gelding, Somerville, ring bone, dropped soles and very lame. A poor man had bought him three months before and paid \$100, but the horse was wasting away and getting so weak the pedler gave him up for \$5.

“Another old horse discovered in a stable in Somerville with leg badly swollen, horse nearly starved, owner drunk—no care given the horse.”

Two horses have been taken from the hospital on Northampton street, one was in too bad a condition to keep, and after Dr. Sullivan had studied his case a few days he had him put to death as he was evidently suffering.

Another horse partly paralyzed was taken from the hospital in the ambulance and taken out to Pine Ridge Home of Rest where, in a comfortable box stall, he is getting the kindest care, but his condition is so bad that his recovery is doubtful.

The story of “Two Boy Scouts,” which a number of our readers were kind enough to praise, is now published as a sixteen-page leaflet with two illustrations. The price of this leaflet is five cents for single copies; 12 copies 50 cents; 100 copies \$3.00, postage paid. This is a good leaflet for distribution in Sunday or day schools or to give to companies of boy scouts as it touches upon those boyish faults which cause the most trouble wherever boys are found.

A book for young people that may be an accepted Christmas gift is entitled “Fourfooted Friends.” It contains twenty-three short stories of children and animals and is generously illustrated. The price is fifty cents and it may be had from the publishers, Ginn & Co., Beacon Street, Boston, or from the author, Mrs. Huntington Smith, 51 Carver Street, Boston.

Report of animals received from branch Receiving Stations in October is as follows:

Mrs. Moog, 69 Roxbury St.....	200
Hospital, 78 Northampton St.....	86
Mrs. Morison, 248 Adams St., Dorchester...	80
Industrial School, N. Bennett St., city.....	44
Neighborhood House, Cambridge.....	21

Our New Pin.



Every member of the Animal Rescue League ought to have one of our attractive new pins. They will be sent by mail for four cents each in stamps on application to this office.

The horse has made history. Without his help some of the great deeds men have done could never have taken place.

There is hardly a city of any note that has not placed on park, common or other conspicuous place a statue showing not only the soldier, but the horse that helped him gain his fame.



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George H. Waterman Frank S. Waterman

How His Pony Saved His Life.

It was while Mr. Harry Lauder, the well-known Scotch comedian, was a pony driver in the pit, that he had a near escape from death, and it was in fact, owing to the instinct of his "sweet wee pit pony," as he calls it, that he is alive to tell the tale. This pit pony stopped at a certain part of the mine, and refused to budge, although Harry gave him a blow with his whip. Just at the moment when the pony would have been under a dangerous place, a great fall came

down with a tremendous crash. The pony had heard warning sounds that to the driver's ears were unintelligible. "When I realized what had taken place," says Harry Lauder, "tears came into my eyes. I threw my arms around wee Captain's neck, and kissed and cuddled him again and again. He appreciated my gratitude, and forgave me the unmerited blow. If he were alive now," adds the pony driver, whose genius has brought him both fame and wealth, "he wouldn't be driving hutches in a coal mine."



Do Your Children Love Animals?



To develop in children a natural love of animals is the aim of the entertaining stories in "Four-Footed Friends," by ANNA HARRIS SMITH, President of the Animal Rescue League of Boston. This well-illustrated supplementary reader is sure to hold the interest of animal lovers of all ages by bringing them to a deeper appreciation of the intelligence and lovable qualities of our four-footed friends.

The Boston Herald, June 14, 1913.

"The new nature reader called 'Four-footed Friends,' written by Mrs. Huntington Smith, contains 23 charming stories of animals and pets. From her position as president of the Animal Rescue League, Mrs. Smith has had ample opportunity to know the joys and sufferings of dumb creatures, and she has written stories that will attract children and teach them all the beauty and the need of gentleness, thoughtfulness, and care for every living creature."

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